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## Letter from Kate C. Barton, July 20

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Jul 20

A.  
C. 626.

saw us constantly sitting out. He said he  
 was very anxious to call but desisted & returned  
 again. He is acquainted with nearly all  
 the neighbors, and gave me a sketch of Billy's  
 chest, which I suppose is true as his  
 men are the ones concerned. He seems to  
 think the Southmen fight hard, and says  
 the same will not be done for three years, till  
 the end of the present administration. Captain  
 Smith is on the Breiville from Charleston,  
 yet his family are not violent opponents.  
 They do not appear of success, but they  
 think the Abolitionists to blame, and in  
 fact are agreed on many points, what you  
 must imagine, for sitting is "sitting out".

And now my dear Cousin of a former  
 but such a terrible calamity not long ago.  
 My whole photograph book has been  
 and I can find out nothing about it. Will  
 you not send me another photograph of  
 yourself and your Mother just as I had.  
 I valued them too more than any in my  
 book, and shall be greatly disappointed



if you do not replace them for me. Do send me  
one exactly like that I had, for it is the  
only one I ever liked of you, or thought did  
you justice. It was a briquette, and was taken  
last summer in your pink dress, at the same  
time your mother got hers. I guess if you have  
more you can get one for that always. Keep this  
one at least a year. Ellen said she then, always  
took so much pleasure in looking at them  
and valued them so much. I will have a good  
one taken for you in the fall.

What has become of Mrs. Durb, did  
she get her divorce, and how she had more  
trouble. Do tell me all the news where you write.  
The best thing about you all interests me, for I  
love every body and every spot of ground at "The  
Horn". I never was happier there while I was there  
and I now expect to make as dear friends and  
all of you. I believe I made a mistake  
in telling you Mary had written, she was  
going to write. Ellen and she both spoke of  
writing yesterday so I suppose you will soon  
have from them. I could write an couple more  
sheets without any difficulty but I am in  
such pain with my wrist that I am forced  
to close. That must also be my excuse for the  
scribbling in this letter. Hoping to see your  
dear faces in a letter very soon & again